

from my heart and from my hand by cathect

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Summary:

will wants to be spanked. richie wants whatever will wants.

from my heart and from my hand

Author's Note:

this was a tumblr request, so i posted it there first. but this version has been edited (by erin ofc; thank you) and updated a bit based on her notes!

a few notes about this fic:

- obviously, the boys are aged up. i imagined them in their early twenties, but you can imagine them at whatever (preferably appropriate) age you want.
- this fic is based on my own knowledge/experience with these kinks. everyone is different when it comes to this stuff, but this is an insane amount of projecting.
- be gentle. i don't normally write stuff like this.

ok here's some fuckin uhhhh sin.

“You okay?” Richie asks, fingers drawing patterns into Will’s back. Will doesn’t answer for a moment, and Richie stops. “Baby, if you changed your mind, it’s okay.”

“No,” Will rushes. He lifts himself up so he can turn and meet Richie’s eyes. “No, I want to. I want to try it.” Richie searches his boyfriend’s eyes, looking for any trace of doubt or hesitation.

“Okay,” he relents when he doesn’t find any. Will smiles, just a quick uptick of his mouth. He resumes his previous position: draped over Richie’s lap with his jeans and boxers halfway down his legs.

It was Will’s idea originally, to try this. It had been Richie’s words that spurred him on— just a simple, “someone needs a spanking, apparently,” one night when Will was being particularly bratty— but it was Will that asked Richie to do it.

He’d come to Richie with his bottom lip between his teeth, flushing a

dark red. His voice was low and soft as he explained that the idea of Richie spanking him had been the only thing on his mind when he touched himself that night. And now he wanted to try it for real.

And Richie is nothing if not accommodating.

Of course, he's also a concerned boyfriend. He always wants to make sure that everything is comfortable and enjoyable for Will. So, prior to even so much as a playful lovetap, they'd had a nearly hour-long conversation where Will had agreed (fondly, if not a bit exasperated) to all of Richie's conditions.

"Tell me again." Richie commands, expecting and accepting the loud sigh that Will lets out in response. "Will, tell me again."

"Green means keep going. Yellow means slow down. Red means stop completely." Will recites the descriptions obediently. Richie smiles, a little more comfortable as he slips into his own role.

"Mm, good boy," he says, smoothing a hand over Will's right ass cheek. Will tenses for a second, but relaxes as Richie's fingers massage into the skin gently. "Alright baby. How many do you think you deserve, hmm?"

"I don't know, Daddy," Will says, voice a little higher, a little sweeter. It sends a rush of arousal down Richie's spine.

"No?" Richie asks as he gives Will's ass a squeeze. Will's hips jump a little in response. "Okay, well, how about we start with ten and go from there?"

"O-okay." Will agrees shakily, nodding his head. Then, correcting himself, "Okay, Daddy."

"Count out loud for me, baby." Richie says. He rubs his hand over Will's skin again to warn him. Will nods again, and Richie feels him take a deep breath.

He opens his mouth to ask Will for a color, but he's cut off by Will saying, "green" before he can even get out the first syllable. Richie debates getting onto him for his attitude, but decides against it since he's probably nervous enough as it is.

"You ready, baby?" Richie asks and Will nods a third time, a little more enthusiastically. "Remember to count for me."

Richie raises his hand, watches Will squirm for a moment, and then brings it down against his right cheek. Not as hard as he could, not even as hard as he wants to, just hard enough to test the waters.

"One," Will chokes out immediately. Richie soothes the blow, kneading Will's skin with his fingers, before he raises his hand and gives another. "Two."

"That's good, baby." Richie says, admiring the pink already forming on Will's skin. "Keep it up." When he brings his hand down a third time, he does it a little harder and on the opposite cheek. Will lets out a small squeak, but his counting doesn't falter.

"Three." His voice is confident and loud. Richie smiles and delivers the fourth and fifth with Will still counting.

Richie starts a little when he realizes that Will is hard against his thigh. The realization pulls a moan from him as he kneads Will's flesh under his fingers again. Will whines and cants his hips forward, muttering something low and almost unintelligible.

Almost.

"Harder." Will's voice is strained. "*Harder*, Daddy." Richie bites back a groan and raises his hand, bringing it down at more than double the force he was using before. Will cries out, and Richie stops.

"Color?" He asks, voice immediately returning to normal. "Give me a color, baby."

"Green," Will says, instantly and with zero hesitation. "So green, Richie." He grinds his cock against Richie's thigh again, as if to make

his point. "Keep going."

"Okay, baby." Richie says. Then, almost as an afterthought, he drops his voice about half an octave and continues. "You're doing so good for me, baby. You're taking it so well." Will hums in the back of his throat, but it dissolves into a moan when Richie brings his hand down again, almost forgetting to alternate sides.

"Six!"

Richie has never heard Will's voice like this before. It's hoarse, harsh, like it's taking all of his energy just to count. But also like he's turned on beyond fucking belief.

"Seven!" Will cries out when Richie lands the next blow. "Oh *god*, Daddy. I need—"

"Three more and then I'll do whatever you want, baby." Richie assures him, admiring the dark red that Will's skin is turning. "You're almost there. You're doing so well."

Without warning, Richie lands another hit, a little harder still. The whimper that Will lets out is loud and unabashed and Richie has to bite his lip to keep from breaking character. Even just to tell Will how much he fucking loves him. He waits for the sound of Will counting, but it doesn't come.

"You're supposed to be counting, baby." Richie reminds him, feigning a bit of annoyance. "I don't hear you counting."

"Sorry, Daddy," Will says quickly. "Eight."

"Oh no, sweet boy." Richie shakes his head. "We have to do that one again. You weren't counting for me."

"Daddy—"

"And maybe a little harder too, hmm?" Richie asks. "Just to make sure you don't forget next time." He's just about to ask for a color too, just to be safe, when Will lets out a loud moan and nods his

head.

“Yeah, Daddy,” he encourages. “Harder.”

“Fuck,” Richie whispers in awe before he can stop himself. “*Good boy.*” When he brings down his hand this time, it’s so hard that he actually makes himself jump.

“Ah!” Will cries. “Eight!” His hips push forward again, and Richie can tell that he’s already close.

“Two more, baby.” Richie says, soothing Will’s skin. He presses hard enough that he knows it forces more pressure onto Will’s dick. Will moans and Richie hears the telltale catch in his throat. “Don’t come, baby. Don’t come before we get to ten.”

“Fuck,” Will whimpers, and digs his fingers into Richie’s leg. As he’s breathing in, ready to say something else, Richie catches him off-guard with a hit to his left cheek instead. It’s out of rhythm to how he’d been alternating before, and Will yelps.

“Nine!” He counts obediently. “Fuck, Daddy, I’m so close.” It’s usually impossible for Richie to deny Will anything, so it takes most of his self-control not to just let Will touch himself.

“One more, baby boy,” he settles. “Just one more, and then you can come as hard as you want for me.” Will nods.

“P-please,” he stutters out. “*Please, Daddy.*”

“Well, since you asked so nicely.”

With that, Richie brings his hand down one final time, harder than any before that. Will sounds like the breath has been knocked out of him, but in the best way possible.

“Ten!” He cries. “Ten, Richie, please.”

Richie jumps into action at the sound of his name, gathering Will into his lap. Will lets out a hiss as his sore flesh comes in contact with

Richie's legs, adjusting himself until he finds a comfortable position. His cock is flushed and leaking, and his chest is heaving as he tries to catch his breath. Richie pulls him close, mouth finding its way to Will's ear.

"Do you want to touch yourself, baby?" He asks, tracing the shell of Will's ear with his tongue. "Or do you want Daddy to take care of you?"

"Daddy..." Will moans, turning to bury his face in Richie's neck. "Please."

"Shh, baby." Richie coos. "I've got you."

True to his word, Richie curls his fingers around Will's cock, stroking him nice and slow. Will groans, shaking his head as best he can with his face pressed into Richie's throat.

"Daddy, *please*." Will says again, sounding close to breaking. "Don't tease me." Richie can't help but smile as he nods.

"Okay, okay," he relents, swiping his thumb through the mess of precome at the head of Will's cock and moving his hand a little faster. Will is pushing his hips forward and Richie can tell this isn't going to take long at all.

"Daddy, Daddy, *Daddy*." Will chants over and over again as Richie speeds up his hand even more. Will is practically vibrating in his arms.

"That's it, baby," Richie whispers. "Be a good boy and come for Daddy."

And Will does, beautifully so. He wraps his arms tight around Richie's neck, letting out a broken sob as he comes. It seems to go on forever, Will riding the aftershocks and whimpering at the continuous friction against him. Richie waits until Will is shaking his head to stop, no matter how badly he wants to see if tonight was enough to push him through a second orgasm.

“That was beautiful, baby.” Richie says after a while. It sounds like Will’s finally caught his breath, and he leans back to look at Richie with half-lidded, sleepy eyes. “You did so good.”

“Mm.” Will agrees, pushing forward to kiss Richie. His movements are lazy and he opens his mouth easily for Richie to lick into. “Thank you, Richie,” he whispers when he breaks the kiss. Richie smiles and runs a gentle thumb over Will’s jaw.

“Of course, Will,” he says. “Anything for you.”

Author's Note:

please drop me a comment letting me know what you think! i need the validation to live.

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